

For what's more miserable then Discontent?  
Ah Vnckle *Humphrey*, in thy face I see  
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie;  
And yet, good *Humphrey*, is the houre to come,  
That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith,  
What lowering Starre now enuies thy estate?  
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,  
Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life;  
Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:  
And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,  
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;  
Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:  
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,  
Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,  
And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;  
Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case  
With sad vnhelpfull teares, and with dimm'd eyes;  
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:  
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.  
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,  
Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. Exit.

Queene. Free Lords:  
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:  
*Henry*, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,  
Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* frowne  
Beguailes him, as the mournfull Crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;  
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,  
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,  
That for the beautie thinks it excellent.  
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,  
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;  
This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,  
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.  
Card. That he should dye, is worthe pollicie,  
But yet we want a Colour for his death:  
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:  
The King will labour still to saue his Life,  
The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;  
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,  
More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.  
Yorke. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.  
Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, so faine as I.  
Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.  
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,  
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:  
Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,  
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kite,  
As place Duke *Humphrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.  
Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,  
To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold,  
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,  
His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,  
Because his purpose is not executed,  
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,  
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,  
Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,  
As *Humphrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.  
And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:  
Be it by Gynnes, by Snarcs, by Subletie,  
Sleeping, or Waking 'tis no matter how,  
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,  
Which mates him first; that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolke, 'tis resolutely spoke.  
Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,  
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant;  
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,  
Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
And to preferue my Soueraigne from his Foe,  
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.  
Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,  
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:  
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,  
And Ile prouide his Executioner,  
I tender to the safetie of my Liege.  
Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.  
Queene. And so say I.  
Yorke. And I: and now we three haue spok't it,  
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come aaine,  
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,  
And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword.  
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,  
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;  
For being Greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.  
What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?  
Yorke. That *Somerfet* be sent as Regent thither:  
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,  
Whitnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-set pollicie,  
Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,  
He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long.

Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.  
I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,  
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,  
By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,  
Mens flesh prefer'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,  
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:  
No more, good *Yorke*; sweet *Somerfet* be still.  
Thy fortune *Yorke*, hadst thou bene Regent there,  
Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.

Yorke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame  
take all.  
Somerfet. And in the number, thee, that wilt  
shame.

Card. My Lord of *Yorke*, trie what your fortune is:  
Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,  
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.  
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each Countie some,  
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.  
Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent,  
And what we doe establish, he confirms:  
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,  
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.  
But now returne we to the false Duke *Humphrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,  
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:  
And so breake off, the day is almost spent,  
Lord Suffolke, you and I must talke of that euent.

Yorke. My

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes  
At Bristol I expect my Souldiers,  
For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.  
Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of *Yorke*. Exit.

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or neuer, Steele thy fearfull thoughts,  
And change misdoubt to resolution;  
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;  
Refigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying:  
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,  
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.

Faster the Spring-time shewes, comes thought on thought,  
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.  
My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,  
Weaues tedious Snarcs to trap mine Enemies.  
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politickely done,  
To send me packing with an Hoast of men:  
I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,  
Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;  
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,  
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.  
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,  
I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,  
Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:

And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,  
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,  
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,  
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.

And for a minister of my intent,  
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,  
John Cade of Ashford,

To make Commotion, as full well he can,  
Vnder the Title of *John Mortimer*.  
In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne Cade  
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,

And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts  
Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:  
And in the end being rescued, I haue seene  
Him capre vp right, like a wilde Morisco,

Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.  
Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,  
Hath he conuersed with the Enemie,  
And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,

And giuen me notice of their Villanies.  
This Deuill here shall be my substitute;  
For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,  
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.

By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,  
How they affect the House and Clayme of *Yorke*.  
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;  
I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,

Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.  
Say that he thrue, as 'tis great like he will,  
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.

For *Humphrey*; being dead, as he shall be,  
And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. Exit.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the  
Murther of Duke *Humphrey*.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know  
We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded;

2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?  
Didst euer heare a man so penitent? Enter Suffolke.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,

I will reward you for this venturous deed:

The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.

Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,

According as I gaue directions?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone. Exit.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene,

Cardinall, Suffolke, *Somerfet*, with

Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,

If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. Exit.

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle *Gloster*,

Then from true euidence, of good effectime,

He be approu'd in practise culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice should preuaile,

That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.

King. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content mee

much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou paie? why tremblest thou?

Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, Suffolke?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.

Queene. Marry God forfend.

Card. Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,

The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King sounds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is

dead.

Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose,

Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* open thine eyes,

Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.

King. Oh Heauenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* com-

fort.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,

Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:

And thinks he, that the chirping of a Wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceined sound?

Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,

Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,

Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.

Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:

Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie

Sits in grim Maieftie, to fright the World.

Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;

Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:

For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy;

In life, but double death, now *Gloster*'s dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?

Although the Duke was enemie to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,

Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,

Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;